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Lo Clear, Richardson, Johnson, Greene, Stearns, Weir, Flagg, Colman, Shattuck, Durand, Cranch, Kensett, and those men whom we are taught to revere in art, and who, writing after their names N. A., should be regarded in the light of the nobility of art.

As a consequence of the names, we are led to expect something which should attract attention, but we fail to be attracted.

The next question that comes up is the—cause.

This, in dismissing the present exhibition, we have only to say, that we will discuss at a future time, and so discuss as we hope will aid the cause of art, if it does not please the Academy.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Parisian Theatres are in great commotion; one would suppose the closing of the Exhibition had taken them by surprise. The last excursion train bearing away from gay *Lutetia*, the last horde of provincial Goths, Huns and foreigners, who have been crowding her Theatres for months, has departed, and the receipts have fallen at one fell swoop to half their previous amounts. Such a shock was quite unexpected, and the Directors, who have happily and slumberously lounged through the last six months, confiding in the *statu quo* of their bills, are suddenly seized with a feverous activity. New pieces must be provided for the citizens of Paris, who now take repossession of their Theatres. *All'erta Signori Impresarii.*

M. Offenbach has been ill. Mr. Bateman has been sympathetically distressed thereat, and has cablegram'd to Paris. *Comment se porte ce cher Offenbach?* Dites lui, replied that dear Offenbach, that I am better, that my rehearsals for "Robinson Crusoe" are going merrily on, and that like Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy, I am carried to the scene of action; that is the action of scenes, in a litter, rather than miss a single rehearsal! As the Grand Duchess says: "*Eh, b'en! Je vous remercie,*" to which, of course, the reply will be duly sent: "*Eh, b'en il n'y a pas de quoi.*" Mr. Bateman—this may not be generally—it seems is descended from Offenbach on the mother's side!

Patti is, as ever, the particular Goddess of Parisian idolatry. Her success in "Lucia," recently, has been so great that the annals of the *Theatre Italien* show nothing like it for years. Real bouquets, not managerial properties, being enthusiastically showered upon her by the excited auditory; her acting being found as delightful as her singing, the play of her features, it is said, bringing back memories of Malibran, in her happiest moments. Patti is now studying "Semiramide," and Rossini himself has specially adorned with

new cadences, the cavatina of this opera, "*Beltraggio*" for his pet singer. Will she ever find time to come here to be fêted and caressed, and to enchant the musical *dilettanti* of this sphere?

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" has been given for the first time in Germany at the Dresden Theatre. The papers there say that the Composer maintains his fame.

Joachim will not visit Paris this season, having made arrangements to traverse and subjugate Germany.

Wagner's Opera "*Les Maitres Chanteurs*" will be given soon at Munich, the Viennese baritone Beek taking the principal character.

The Adventurers, a new opera by Braga, has been given at Milan, resulting in a signal success for the baritone Alessandro Bottero. We ourselves saw Bottero some years ago at the *Rudegonda*, at Milan, in *Don Bucefalo* lately given here at the Academy. In this opera Bottero, who is largely endowed with the *vis comica*, and sings and acts admirably, also played the piano, violin, double base, flute, &c., in the most masterly manner, being in fact the life and soul of the piece. We think he would succeed in this city, and trust we may yet see him here.

A LEGEND OF RHINELAND.

Once upon a time there was an enchanting Duchess of an enchantingly utopian, but as yet undiscovered Duchy known to mortals as Gerolstein. This young and lovely Duchess was so lovable that she was beloved by the surrounding country, and so loving that she loved the surrounding country! particularly the military part of it! One day, attired in her most resplendent military millinery, as she was reviewing her extensive army of twenty-seven men and a drummer, her wandering gaze arrested itself on the Apollo-like figure and Narcissus-like features of a "simple private" among her gallant warriors; and she exalted this private publicly, and on the spot, to his own speechless, but gymnastic rapture! and to the utter confusion and dismay of her venerable preceptor, her utterly ferocious but perfectly harmless General-in-Chief, and her soft-hearted but soft-headed fiancé, Prince Paul. She, the enchanting Duchess, sips the regimental wine with him, the "simple private," now, however, a Captain; sings the regimental song with him and dances the regimental dance with him: finally, creates him Commander-in-Chief of her entire forces, bestows upon him the sword of her honored Pa, (with Chorus) and dispatches him to annihilate the enemies of the State! The hero vanquishes the said enemy—supposed by competent historians to number—artillery, infantry, and cavalry,—twenty-three!—and triumphantly returns to his vivacious sovereign, who overwhelms him

with honors and makes the utmost love to him allowed by the law of etiquette. Such, however, is the guileless nature of M. Guffroi, so unsophisticated and innocent is he—having always lived in the country under the fostering care, and influenced by the saintly example, of four maiden aunts! so Josephic in short is this simple son of Mars, that the only impression made upon him by the glances, the sighs, the loving ogles, the "archery"—as Mrs. Malaprop would have said—of the captivated Duchess, is, that he finds it all "very embarrassing." This effect, however, is by no means surprising, when we reflect upon the well known insensibility of the military to the charms of the *beau sexe*, their excessive coyness on the subject of feminine attractions. This *penchant* of the Duchess immensely disconcerts her betrothed, the Prince Leduc, General Duchesne, and her highly respectable tutor—with umbrella, obligato—Baron Puck: and such is the desolating result, that they respectively forsake the pursuit of Grand Duchesses, the army, and the diffusion of useful knowledge, cast themselves wildly into the arena of life, become acrobats and devote their days and nights to the study of athletic feats, eccentric sarabands, and bewilderingly impossible and delightfully absurd *cancans*, which latter solemnity they execute with such marvellous *entrain* that the Duchess, already half repenting her affection for the very obtuse Fritz Baron von Wermouth Bock Bier, is irresistibly drawn into their magic circle, invents a new *cancan* step on the spot, joins their conspiracy, on another spot—for they change their spots perpetually—and the destruction of M. Guffroi is promptly resolved upon. This doomed warrior is sent off to fight at a moment's notice, is decoyed into an ambush consisting of a furious husband and an unpleasant walking stick, marries "Vanda" and is otherwise badly treated; the elastic Duchess transerring her affections to the Baron Grog, a warm friend of the Prince Leduc, until, learning that he is the proprietor of an "enormous wife and countless offspring,"—we quote his friend's words—she finally bestows her affections and her dimply little hand on the Prince, her faithful suitor, reinstates General Duchesne, encumbers Baron Puck with the ever ready sword of her father, and declares her intention to be married immediately, to the simpering satisfaction of her timid spouse, the huge contentment of the General and Tutor, the unbounded delight of the Chorus, who, —sympathetic creatures,—are as easily pleased as cast down, and to the intense envy of every bachelor present, including ourselves: for, the fascinating Lucille, Duchess of Gerolstein, enslaves everybody. And all this delicious absurdity is to be seen at the French Theatre! where, as Mr. Bateman declares on